

The Saturday Review

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Note and Comment

The visits which we have had of late from men who are playing large parts in the public life of the Old Land, have done a little to stimulate interest in the problems with which the imperial parliament has to deal. The effect is excellent in every way. Our outlook is broadened. To hear a big man deal with big issues, no matter whether they immediately concern us or not, makes us realize the excessive littleness of much that in our own country is made to do political service. Then the imperial tie must be strengthened by our being able to appreciate better the questions that are agitating fellow-Britishers across the seas.

These observations are largely prompted by the recent visit of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., to Edmonton and Calgary. His addresses shed all kinds of new light upon the Irish problem. No matter whether you agreed with his conclusions or not, you had to admit that you understood much better than formerly all that was involved. What struck one most forcibly was the moderateness of the demands which he made and the absence of anything which was inconsistent with thorough-going loyalty and sane imperialism. He repeated the statement made in Eastern Canada that what Irishmen wanted was simply a local legislature to deal with local questions. He appealed to us as Canadians to help him and his associates get for Ireland what we have here in the shape of our federal and provincial parliaments. The London Westminster Gazette quotes from Mr. O'Connor's Ottawa speech, which in its statements of Irish demands was substantially the same as that delivered here, and makes this comment:

"Is this to be the official programme of the Irish Party? If so, the development is important and significant, for in Canada the Provincial Legislatures have strictly defined and limited powers, whilst the Dominion Parliament is supreme in all matters not expressly reserved for the Provinces. It will be interesting to see if the case for Home Rule for Ireland can be argued merely as part of the case for Home Rule all round."

Now Mr. O'Connor is no insignificant member of the Irish party. He is the recognized leader of the Irish voters, living in England, a very important element in British public life, which has turned the scale in many elections. That he would adopt the attitude that he has in Canada regardless of the opinion of the rest of the Nationalists, is extremely unlikely. The natural inference therefore is that as the people of the rest of the United Kingdom have come to recognize more and more the justice of Ireland's case, those who have had the conduct of the latter in charge have become correspondingly moderate in their requests, with the result that a peaceable solution of the Irish question is near at hand.

There is but little in the way of granting Home Rule as Mr. O'Connor defined it. It is only reasonable that not only Ireland, but Scotland and Wales as well, should have control of their strictly local affairs. Mr. O'Connor's picture of the overloaded imperial parliament dealing with parish matters when questions involving the welfare of millions of people pressed for solution, was not overdrawn. Such a state of affairs cannot continue. There must be decentralization along the lines that are followed elsewhere, in America in particular.

But in the earlier days of the Home Rule agitation this was not all that was asked for and it was easy to understand how people imbued most strongly with the principles of political liberty, men like John Bright, Goldwin Smith, and many others who could be named, saw great danger in concessions to the Irish demands.

The language which Mr. Parnell used in the eighties was not that which we heard from Mr. O'Connor during the past week. At Mayo, in November, 1885, he said: "Speaking for myself, and I believe, for the Irish people, and for all my colleagues in Parliament, I have to declare that we will never accept either expressly or impliedly, any thing but the full and complete right to arrange our own affairs, to make our land a nation, to secure for us, free from outside control the right to direct our own course among the nations of the world."

Even as late as October 1901, Mr. Redmond, the present Irish leader, declared at Cork: "This United Irish league is not merely an agrarian movement. It is first, last and all the time a national movement and those of us who are endeavoring to rouse the farmers of Ireland, are doing so because we believe that by rousing them we will be strengthening the national movement and helping us obtain our end, which is after all the national independence of Ireland."

That is a very different ideal from that to which we have attained in Canada. We have self-government in matters that concern us alone but the imperial link remains. If Mr. Parnell and Mr. Redmond's object, as expressed in the above was secured, it would mean secession pure and simple and it would have been no more reasonable for the people of the rest of the Empire to have allowed that it would have been for the northern states to have allowed the southern to break up the American republic.

One of the great objections taken to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure was that it did not pro-

tect the Protestant minority in Ireland. This especially appealed to Mr. Bright, "I cannot consent," he wrote to his former leader, "to a measure which is offensive to the whole Protestant population of Ireland and to the whole sentiment of the population of Ulster, so far as its loyal and Protestant people are concerned; I cannot consent to exclude them from the protection of the Imperial parliament."

The other night we heard Mr. O'Connor scout the idea that there was any danger of oppression of Protestants under Home Rule, and one of the most effective parts of his speech was that in which he described the affection in which the long line of Irish Protestant leaders were held by those who were fighting Ireland's cause. They would be quite willing, he declared, to have inserted in a Home Rule act a clause safeguarding to the fullest extent the rights of Irish Protestants and suggested as a model those which under Canadian constitutional arrangements protected the Protestant minority in Quebec and the Roman Catholic minority in Ontario. This would wholly sweep away Mr. Bright's objection.

The whole situation, as disclosed by Mr. O'Connor, is an admirable illustration of the dictum which he himself stated with so much force that there cannot be loyalty where there is injustice, but that loyalty soon springs up where fair dealing prevails. This was proven over half a century ago in Canada. Its truth was never made so apparent as in South Africa, where the man who ten years ago was the leader of the Boer forces, is now the King's first minister. That it should have taken so long for the predominant partner to have made the test in Ireland is regrettable. But the passions of centuries do not die down in a day. At last, however, a new order of things is apparently in sight. George

weather. Westward, towards the Mackenzie river; the climate is quite favorable for settlement, though of course, very cold in winter, and I think that far north country is a region which will be found to be quite an important part of the Dominion."

Such an expression of opinion coming from a man who has the reputation of being unusually careful in his statements, is of no small significance. Supported as it is by a bulk of other testimony, those who have been doubtful as to the wisdom of opening up railway communication with the northern territories should be soon convinced. The building of the line to Fort McMurray means more, not only from a provincial but from a Dominion standpoint, than any other transportation project now before the public.

One of the most enthusiastic and persistent advocates of the opening of the northland is the treaty commissioner, Mr. H. A. Conroy, who for a dozen years or so past has travelled over it each summer and has thus had exceptional opportunities of appreciating its potentialities. The Winnipeg Free Press had this to say of him the other day, when he was passing through that city on his return to Ottawa:

"Mr. Conroy gained considerable prominence a couple of years ago through a statement which he made before a senate committee at Ottawa. He was being examined regarding that north country, and a senator asked him how much agricultural land there was in Alberta north of the Saskatchewan. He stated that there was as much available agricultural land north of the Saskatchewan as there was developed to the south of it. The majority of the members present greeted the statement with a smile. Since then they have learned that Mr. Conroy's

lasted from 1854 to 1866 and was unquestionably a benefit to both countries. It was not an unrestricted measure, such as was called for by the Liberal party in the campaign of 1891. The last articles exempted from customs duties compressed grain, flour, breadstuffs, animals, fresh, smoked and salted meats, fish, lumber of all kinds, poultry, cotton, wool, hides, ores of metal, pitch, tar, ashes, flax, hemp, rice and unmanufactured tobacco. Trade was greatly stimulated. The annual average for some years previous to the treaty was \$1,420,773. In the last year of the treaty the total was \$84,070,955. There were several influences which led to its being abolished, though its excellent results of the material welfare of both Canada and the United States were freely acknowledged. The sympathy with the Confederacy manifested in Canada caused resentment among public men at Washington. The manufacturers on each side of the border commenced to agitate for higher duties on the articles they were interested in. This brought about irritation and strengthened the cause of protection. Mr. Porritt, whose work on the tariff history of Canada, is of much value, comes to the conclusion that the more closely the circumstances of the abrogation are studied, the plainer it is that the action of the United States was not a deliberate national judgment, such as would be looked for at any normal period, but an appeal to the feelings of the people, under the strain of a long civil war, on the part of a skillful minister.

The attention of those who declare that the Western demand for lower duties is confined to a few American farmers, who in no sense represent public opinion, is called to the statement made by the Conservative leader in Saskatchewan, Hon. F. W. C. Haultain, former premier of the Northwest Territories. While aware to reciprocity negotiations under present conditions, Mr. Haultain strongly favors a reduction of the duty on agricultural implements.

"This is a very live question in the West regardless of politics," he told the Toronto News the other day. "While the average man naturally wishes the implements to be free, I should say speaking personally, that a considerable reduction would satisfy us. The more it is reduced, of course, the more it would please us. I could not say that we would demand an absolute sweeping away of the tariff."

This is strictly in line with the statement by Mr. George Langley, a leading Liberal member of the Saskatchewan legislature, who has been active in tariff agitation. It is tariff reduction not tariff abolition that is wanted and there is practical unanimity in the western demand for it.

Whenever anyone offers a suggestion as to a means to offset the tendency to race suicide, the alleged humorists of the press seem to think that he is a legitimate target for them. But there is no more vitally important problem and one that more urgently demands a remedy. On this continent conditions are bad enough but nothing like what they are in France. It is not surprising therefore that the most eminent French economist of the day, Leroy Beaulieu, has been endeavoring to arouse public interest in the matter.

Mr. Beaulieu finds that if every married couple had one child next generation would only number half the present figure. With two children to the family the race would stand still. But with an average of three per married couple the next generation would show a fifty per cent. addition to the country's present population.

The steps Mr. Beaulieu would take to save France are original and combine moral suasion with severer measures. He would teach the people that three was the normal family, and that those who had less were poor citizens, and that those who had more were poor citizens. To quote his own words:

"Only those should have their names advertised in connection with a public function who have at least three living children. All others should be absolutely debarred from participation in such functions. Of course it is easy to raise objections against such a measure, but such objections are trifling in comparison with this vital question, if indeed we wish to prevent the suicide of the French nation which is likely to be half accomplished in three generations, and completed in six or seven. We lay great stress on this measure of prevention."

Mr. Beaulieu would have the Government give a yearly sum of \$100 to each parent that has three living children, the sum being for the education of the children, and he would have this bonus given yearly for every other living child in the family above three. The cost of this to the French Government would be \$35,000,000 yearly. Moreover, he would take away citizen rights from unmarried and from childless men. They could not sit in Parliament, they could not work in the civil service. He would not allow a bachelor or a childless man's name on any committee of management, whatever the object of the committee. And men's salaries in government posts would be raised according to the number of their children.

These are not the vapors of a trifler working on space for one newspaper and the other on the notions of a man of high scientific standing and it may not be long before his ideas are taken up as practical political issues in other countries besides France.



"IN A PEASANT'S COTTAGE."

(By L. H. H. M.)

One of a notable collection of paintings shown this year at the Toronto Exhibition.

Meredith saw the change coming and shortly before his death wrote a beautiful poem entitled "Ireland," the last verse of which runs:

A nation she, and formed to charm,
With heart for heart and hands all round.
No longer England's broken arm—
Would England know where strength is found.
And strength today is England's need.

In view of all that has been published in regard to the possibilities of Northern Alberta and the Mackenzie River country, which lies beyond the provincial boundaries, the question has been asked at times why such hopes should be entertained in regard to it and not of the hinterland of the other provinces. Some suspect that the explanation is simply that Alberta people are better boosters than others. An interview which Mr. R. F. Stupart, the director of the Dominion meteorological service, gave in London the other day, however, shows that there is in more satisfactory reason than this available. Speaking of the work of his department, he said:

"We established fully equipped stations last year in the valley of the Mackenzie river from Northern Alberta right to the Arctic coast line. We are thus gradually extending the network of stations, and will know a good deal about the climate of that northern region very shortly. There is, however, every reason to suppose that grain will ripen in the valley of the Mackenzie river very nearly, if not quite, as far as the Arctic circle. That does not hold good as you come eastward towards Hudson's Bay. The prevalence of eastern winds in the region of the 'barren lands' keeps the temperature rather low, and there is liable to be a great deal of rainy, drizzly

statement was a conservative one. A naturalist by instinct Mr. Conroy has taken advantage of his northern trips to study the animals and plants of that country, and he tells many interesting stories regarding the habits of the fur-bearing animals. He has the greatest faith in that whole district, and sees possibilities of the ultimate development of the barren grounds when means of communication have been established."

The census frauds being exposed in the Western States should serve as a warning to our own ambitious municipalities when the Dominion census comes around next June. Tacoma's first figures were 16,248, but on a second enumeration these were reduced to 82,072. These indicated an increase of 120 per cent. in ten years, with which any city should have been fairly well satisfied. Enormous frauds are reported from Seattle, Portland, Boise and Minneapolis. The same spirit largely prevails in cities similarly situated on this side of the line and our own census authorities cannot watch the details of the work too closely. Some local statisticians are bound to be hurt and when the figures are announced, a still greater outcry from certain localities may be expected than was the case in 1906, but in the interests of everybody, certainly in the ultimate interests of those places which are disposed to exaggerate, we must have the truth. There are many American cities which could be cited which have suffered severely in the long run because of the padding done by over-zealous enumerators.

With so much reciprocity talk about, it is well worth while looking back to the time when a reciprocity treaty did prevail between Canada and the United States. That negotiated by Lord Elgin

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When the teacher looked severely
at Isadore, all ideas fled from him.
When asked to name the presidents,
he could think of just five—with
four long gaps between them.

"I am surprised, Isadore," said the
teacher, who had left middle age well
in the background. "When I was
eleven years old, more than a year
younger than you are now, I could re-
cite the list of presidents without a
single mistake or a moment's hesita-
tion."

"Teacher, yes, ma'am," said Isadore,
humbly, then a brilliant and
comforting idea came to him. "But
there couldn't have been half as many
presidents to remember then, was
there, teacher?"—Youth's Companion.

"Madam," said one French gentle-
man introducing another, "this is
the Marquis de —, and I assure
you he is not such a fool as he looks."
"Madam," quietly remarked the
marquis, with a bow, "my friend has
just stated the exact difference be-
tween himself and me."—Judge.

"But," protested the Englishman,
"you have no family trees in your
country."

"True," rejoined the plain Ameri-
can, "but we have a lot of measly un-
derbrush which is quite as much in
the way and just as detrimental to the
scenery."—Baltimore Sun.

The teacher had called upon Freddy
to tell the class a story in 50 words.
Accordingly Freddy rose and began
as follows: "I have a little sister.
Her name is May. May likes pussies
and dollies. One day May saw a
pussy in our garden and she said,
Here pussy, pussy. Here pussy, pussy,
pussy!"

And Freddy sat down with much
satisfaction. There was a moment's
pause, and then a voice, evidently
that of the class mathematician,
called out from a rear corner in the
room: "That's only thirty-eight
words."

Up stood Freddy again, unperturb-
ed, and continued: "Here pussy, pus-
sy, pussy! Here pussy, pussy, pussy,
pussy! Here pussy, pussy, pussy,
pussy! Then he sat down."

HOME AND SOCIETY

Calling is once again in full force,
a sure sign that people have decided
to set the social ball rolling.

Already we have had two large and
very successful dances, a few scat-
tered teas, and an odd Bridge or two.
Soon we shall hear of clubs being re-
organized, and houses by now being
house-cleaned and put in spick and
span array, there will be "doings" gen-
erally. I think I can promise you.
The opening of Parliament has been
postponed for yet another week, and
will probably hold things back a bit,
but people seem to have set their
minds on a good time this winter, and
with so many new houses, brides, and
new-comers to town, when someone
sets the pace, we ought to see a
pretty clip.

Mrs. Sifton's home will, as goes
without saying, be a new social cen-
tre. Already the interior re-model-

ling is well in shape, and from a peep
I had at the fine new reception room,
I can very well presage that it will be
the charming rendezvous of many a
brilliant gathering before the season
closes.

Some of the artistic new homes just,
or nearly, completed, will no doubt,
have their house-warmings. Every-
one goes into raptures over the new
residence erected by the Bank of
Montreal for their manager. Both
as regards location and architecture
it is well-nigh perfection. Dr. and
Mrs. James Biggar's new house is an-
other that arouses a great deal of
flattering criticism.

I am glad to see that the people in
the various sections of the town are
adapting themselves to the reception
days of their neighborhood. It means
a tremendous saving of time to their
friends, and makes calling, which can
be a great bore, really enjoyable.

These be great afternoons for going
a-visitng. I went myself over the
river on Tuesday, coming home at
twilight by the ferry. What a night!
Just enough nip in the air to set one
walking at a healthy pace. Then a
short wait on the river's edge until
the ferry pulled back to us. About us
little shadowy trees, some boys shout-
ing at play on the beach, one or two
teams of horses silhouetted on the
hrow of the hill, were lights twinkling
across stream, then at mid-stream a
great full moon, rollicking into view,
beaming down with a generous and
benign smile, to speed us on our
homeward way.

Life, at twilight, has a sweet, solemn
flavor. The houses outlined in black
against a quiet, blue-grey sky, are an-
other world from the houses seen in
the garish light of a bright morn-
ing. Gone are all inharmonious ef-
fects, vanished every slightest im-
perfection. Twilight has buried them in
one perfect, all-embracing veil. The
stillness of everything! Only one's
own footsteps, or some brated work-
er's, sounding a ghostly tattoo on the
board walks. Then home. Home to
rosy-cheeked babies, hungry boys and
girls, the crackle of a cheery grate
fire, and an appetizing dinner. Why
this is what makes life worth living.
A breath of invigorating air, a little
neighborliness, such sunsets and
Home, grown dearer for the short
absence.

Miss Jean Forsyth is opening a
new tea-room over the Starland The-
atre. I don't know half as much about
it, but I do know Miss Forsyth, so an-
ticipate the "something different" we
are all craving for. It is to be called
what but "The Blue Moon." May
its rays grow ever brighter, and pour
some of its silver into the lap of this
ambitious High Priestess of the cult.
I love any moon and am prepared
to adore Her Blue Majesty. More
anon. Mrs. Balmer Watt is enter-
taining the Edmonton Women's Press
Club at this new rendezvous on open-
ing day, this Saturday. Next week,
I understand, luncheon will be served
as well as tea.

Mrs. Mowat Biggar will receive
next Wednesday, and in future on
every Wednesday in the month.

Mrs. Ghiselin will receive next Wed-
nesday, and after that on the first
and last Wednesdays of the month.

Mrs. Cecil Sutherland (nee Grind-
ley) will receive for the first time
since her marriage with her mother,
Mrs. Grindley, on Thursday next,
and in future on the first Monday and
Tuesday of the month.

I heard mysteriously from one of
the family that Dr. and Mrs. Ferris
would not be home until Christmas
at the earliest. At present they are
in Vienna, where the doctor has en-
tered on a two months' surgical
course, so that they are booked for
(Continued on Page Four.)

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I'm sitting on the stile, Mary. Where we sat side by side On the bright May morn' long ago. When first you were my bride. The corn was springin' fresh and green. And the lark sang loud and high. And the red was on your lip, Mary. And the love-light in your eye.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane. And the little church stands near. The church where we were wed, Mary.

I see the spire from here. But the graveyard lies between, Mary. And my step might break your rest. For I've laid you down to sleep. With the baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary. For the poor make no new friends. But, O, they love the better still. The few the Father sends! And you were all I had, Mary. My blessing and my pride. There's nothin' left to care for now. Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary. That still kept hopin' on. When trust in God had left my heart. And my arm's young strength was gone.

There was comfort ever on your lips. And a kind look on your brow. I bless you, Mary, for that same. Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile. When your heart was like to break. When the hunger pain was gnawin' there.

And you hid it for my sake. My Mary—kind and true! But I'll not forget you, darling! In the land I'm goin' to. They say there's bread and work for all.

And the sun shines always there— But I'll not forget old Ireland. Were it fifty times as fair! —Lady Dufferin.

"This little, little world," we say as we tumble across an old hall chair that, perhaps, generations ago, quivered it in some stately home in England, or meet face to face, a prominent man or woman hitherto but a name to us!

So I felt as I sat and listened to T. P. O'Connor on Saturday night. Yet T. P. is no stranger to me. Every week I get his bright weekly, and for an hour or so give myself over to better our acquaintance. Hitherto, the letters "T.P." have conjured up a name to me. For the future it must be a face.

A face that reminds one of an April day. An infectiously merry one this minute, the next full of infinite melancholy, with the tears just hiding.

That picture of Ireland he drew—with the evictions law in full force—the grassy lanes with their dead, from the wee tots to the hoary-headed old grandparents—who of us that ever thinks of T. P. O'Connor, but will remember those graphic word pictures: Who that ever hears the term, "Home Rule," but will see or think, not of a people's struggles in the light of its effect upon history, but of the faces of men and women, our human kind, lining a desolate street, or gazing back at the smouldering ashes of their ruined homes?

How far, how very near those times! Gone into history: gone between the hard and stiff covers of a book yet alive—called into instant being by a man who had lived it all, so that never again, after such an evening, can any of us be indifferent to Ireland or her struggles; but at the very names must feel within us those generous, sympathetic impulses which one of her most gifted sons called into instant life as he painted the Mother Ireland, as she was in those terrible days of '46. How strange, too, to be facing a man who knew Gladstone intimately, who hobbled with Parnell, stumped it with Michael Davitt, and other folk, but bookish names to us.

One may read miles of facts about a man or his life, and yet not know him half so well as by hearing a T. P. do it so. "I can see Gladstone now, his great black eyes, growing bigger and bigger with every second; as he listened to these young hotheaded, one after another, demanding

'And what are you going to do about Ireland?'

Again, "what a little little world!" Mr. O'Connor described for us the system by which land was held in the Emerald Isle under the old lords' regime, and he came to the other end of nowhere the land of the free, and all that sort of thing, to tell us of it. We, who were so wisely and generously governed, would he knew, be roused to inclination, by the picture. And yet in the year 1910, in Canada and this West, throws out its arms to all the oppressed, what have we, but great tracts of land, shutting off and isolating farm after farm, and district after district; homesteaders and pioneers of their rights staying the advance of schools and villages—holding back this country as surely as Ireland's misgovernment ever held it back. To make matters worse, and the simile more exact, is not this land in Alberta, for the most part, held by outside speculators, English capitalists, wealthy Americans, who do nothing to improve the land themselves, but rely on the efforts of their poorer and struggling neighbors to make their property more valuable?

We don't object in Canada, we don't raze houses to the ground, maltreat the poor and other like barbarities—but we do allow a system of land-holding that is as pernicious and unjust as any that ever obtained in Ireland or any other land. Drive out into the country surrounding our towns and cities, note this pleasant farm and then a great tract of land standing not only idle, but so over-run with weeds that all the contiguous property is bound to suffer from them—and then, not far from Ireland, but for the discouraged farmers who have come West to us, because they had heard that here oppression and injustice were unheard-of things.

There was a gentle titter as T. P. made reference to that homely product—the potato. A smile that never burst into laughter, because the humble article of daily fare summed up to the speaker more than any other thing the tragedy of Ireland.

It was as if—and literally so—the brown-jacketed tubers stood a solitary guard for thousands and millions of hungry, starving, men, women, and children, against an overpowering foe, who thirsted for the last possession of these poor creatures—life.

Think of it—those long lines of wagons passing to and fro, coming, always empty, and going thence laden with golden grain, and the pigs and the cows and the sheep these poor tillers of the soil had raised. You wonder that Irishmen were bitter; that they grew desperate, and urged on to madness.

I wonder they, any of them, could ever look an Englishman in the face; could raise themselves from the degradation of such a lot to face the mere act of living.

But don't you know they are the leaven of the earth—you can't down them. Three cheers for Ireland and the merriest, sparkliest, cleverest, saddest, bravest, most generous people in the world. And three cheers for her eloquent son who told us all about it.

But the potato, not the shamrock, should be the emblem of Erin.

Don't you know the queerest of it. A great big pond of water supposedly dividing us and England. T. P. wandering roundabouts on alien soil, yet a woman in his sparkling weekly and a woman here at Land's End, writing the one week on the self-same subject. Problems here and there, all over the world, the same, though under different names, confronting each of us. Three weeks ago I wrote you of keeping up an untenable position in the world. Listen to what "France" the same day had to say on the subject.

"Quite by accident I picked up a book—or, rather, booklet—called 'A Woman's Work,' by S. H. G. Langmaid. It was written some years ago, a simple, homely, unpretentious chat about household matters. I was interested because of the fine old-fashioned flavor and because of the numerous counsels of perfection the pa-

pers contain. They would also form a most admirable contribution to the controversy in which we were all interested recently on the possibility of doing without servants.

"As here set forth, the work of a small house, the cooking and washing for its members, and the general mending can be done by any ordinary woman, and leave her with plenty of time on her hands. Let me also add that family baking is included, and that an allowance of a couple of hours a day for a constitutional rest is given. It all sounds very easy on paper, and it would all, I am sure, be very, very easy in practice were all women turned out in the same mould—were there no strains of helplessness, thriftlessness, thoughtlessness, weakness and distaste for housework.

A woman strong in body, with a capable managing character and a fondness for method, can without doubt run a house and be happy and healthy in doing so. But as our social fabric is built, thousands and thousands of women have to run houses who are neither mentally or physically fit to do so. They just muddle on as they best know how. To lecture them and tell them that they ought to have housewifely pride, that while they are doing one thing they should take pleasure in mapping out the next, that if they proportion their hours nothing will ever get behind, simply means that you expect them to remodel in a day the character that nature and training have been forming for years. It is lament-

(Continued on Page Four.)



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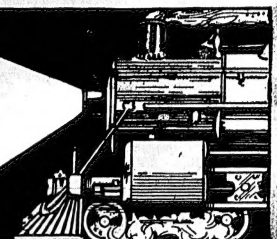
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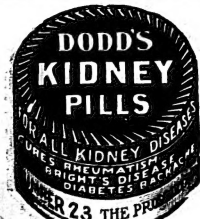
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The Mirror

(Continued from Page Three)

throws out its arms to all the oppressed, what have we, but great tracts of land, shutting off and isolating farm after farm, and district after district. Land, held by speculators, and let stand idle, year after year, shutting off progress and cultivation; robbing homesteaders and pioneers of their rights, staying the advance of schools and villages—holding back this country as surely as Ireland's misgovernment ever held it back. To make matters worse, and the simile more exact, is not this land in Alberta, for the most part, held by outside speculators. English capitalists, wealthy Americans, who do nothing to improve the land themselves, but rely on the efforts of their poorer and struggling neighbors to make their property more valuable?

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Ladies' School

Miss Geach has opened a Class for Girls at the MacLean Block. Subjects taught: English in all Branches, French, Drawing, Music, Needlework and Sewing.

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Peggy

Home and Society

(Continued from page two)

at least that further sojourn at the Continent.

Mrs. Benson of Strathcona leaves for a short visit to Winnipeg next week.

Mrs. Jack Anderson returned from Ottawa last week and expects to get into her new house either late this week or early next.

Mr. and Mrs. Soars will at once move into their cozy little home, vacated by the Andersons, so that there has been a good deal of shifting about of late.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce of Lashburn, Sask., came up for the Golf Club Dance, and were registered at the King Edward.

Mrs. Booth and Miss Kitty Haycock who have been visiting Mrs. Davies, left for Ottawa at last week end.

Madame Brutinel and Mrs. O'Leary were two St. Albertites, who attended the ball on Friday. Mrs. O'Leary being Mrs. Scoble's guest.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Lnae are rejoicing in the birth of a little daughter.

Mr. D. L. Robinson is home after a month's holidays spent in Boston and New York.

Mrs. Pardee entertained at a dinner of seven covers the night of the Ball. Madame Thibodeau, Mr. Gascoin, of Montreal, Mr. Halliwell, and Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt being the invited guests. Later the party went on to the dance.

Mrs. Heathcote also had a dinner the same evening.

Madame Thibodeau left on Monday with her brother to spend some time visiting relatives at the Coast.

Mrs. Hislop and Miss Jessie Potter left on Wednesday for Toronto. Mrs. Hislop for a visit, and Miss Potter to enter on a course of study.

Dr. and Mrs. James Biggar are getting nicely settled in their new home on Sixth street south.

Mrs. Barford returned from an enjoyable month's holiday in Winnipeg on Saturday.

Everyone agreed that the annual Golf Club Ball, held in the Hotel Cecil, October 14th, was par excellence the jolliest, smartest and most enjoyable dance, held in many moons. While quite true that perhaps only half the people were in attendance that were present at the Hospital Ball of Standing Room Only memory, and while the dance was not graced by the presence of any gubernatorial guests, it stands out a happy, delightful memory, full of pleasant reminiscences, for those who were there, and keen regrets by those who were not.

Turner's International Orchestra were in great form. The term "International" informing you that it was composed of various musicians from various lands. The floor was splendid, smoother than on the previous occasion, and everyone seemed to be having a perfectly glorious time. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Pardee, very smart and striking in a handsome gown of black sequins; Mrs. D. L. Scott, in most becoming grey crepe de chine, with pearl and lace garniture; Mrs. Swaisland, who brought her mother; Mrs. Metcalfe, of Port Hope, the former in the sweetest frock of pale pink satin veiled in chrysalis sequined net, the latter in a stunning black gown with a modish ornament in turquoise blue garniture

on the corsage, her hair beautifully dressed; Mrs. Barnes in fashionable black, and with her Mrs. Bruce, of Lashburn, Sask., a recent bride for whose husband Mr. Barnes is building a magnificent home on his beautiful ranch; Mrs. Bruce being gowned in rich white satin with some exquisite lace; Mrs. Cobbett in graceful black and Mrs. Bishop in the same modish color with jet; Mrs. Rolfe in black with deep hands of gold garniture; Mrs. Jack Anderson in a lovely black Paris frock, of ninon de soie over satin, with handsome jet ornamentation; an orchid tucked in at the waist being the only dash of color; Mrs. Nightingale, tall and graceful in a sweet frock of silk embroidered net over satin, with her sister Miss Hudspeth in a pretty gown of pale violet satin; Mrs. Mowat Biggar, who was looking radiantly well after her visit to England, in a stunning black sequined gown, with shimmering touches in soft rosy-pink shades; Mrs. James Dunsmuir in a fetching painted net frock, with deep folds of pink, just suiting her dainty, petite style; Mrs. Scoble, very sweet in pale blue striped satin, with touches of deep blue velvet and lace; Madame Thibodeau, who looked charming in white satin striped with blue, over black with handsome gold floral passementerie; Mrs. Davies in such a quaintly pretty gown of white net painted with corn-flowers, a bandeau of the same shade of velvet in her sunny hair.

With her, her guests Mrs. Booth, of Ottawa, in a dazzling frock of white satin with an over-dress of silver and gold and lace, sewn with the most exquisite pearls, and with heavy silver fringe—easily one of the handsomest frocks worn—and Miss Kitty Haycock also of the Capital City, in black net which set off her pretty fair type admirably. Mrs. James Smith, regal in white satin with chrysalis garniture; Mrs. W. E. Lines, as usual tremendously admired, and very handsome in white satin; Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison in a beautiful toilette of old rose chiffon, with touches of gold and cobwebby lace; Mrs. Herwood, in cream chiffon and wearing some fine roses; Mrs. Ghieselin, in a strikingly modish creation of old gold satin, veiled in opalescent net, with some beautiful lace and touches of apple-green satin; Mrs. Jennings, very attractive in white with veiling of chrysalis net, a great bunch of white roses on her corsage, and wearing over her shoulders between dances, a dream of a black lace wrap; Mrs. Morris, in white and silver, and, as ever, an indefatigable and exceedingly graceful dancer; Mrs. Charlesworth in elegant black gown, trimmed with heavy gold fringe and turquoise and gold ornamentation; Mrs. Heathcote, looking remarkably pretty in white satin with touches and tassels of gold; Mrs. Mays tres chic in heavy canary colored silk, in a Dresden pattern; Mrs. O'Leary, who came with Mrs. Scoble, in pink satin made empire fashion; Mrs. E. G. Palmer, a handsome white gown; Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie, a lovely little frock of pale blue crepe de chine, with some very fine hand embroidery; Mrs. Howard Ritchie, in yellow satin with chrysalis garniture; Madame Delevault, an elegant black sequined robe; Madame Brutinel, handsome in a beautiful shade of old blue satin, veiled with black lace, and with touches of gold; Mrs. Bradburn, in a pretty mauve satin empire gown, who brought her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wood of Peterborough, who wore a very smart pale pink frock with chrysalis ornamentation, and Mrs. Blackburn, in rich black satin with sequin garniture. Among the younger set there were many lovely girls and lovely frocks. Conspicuous were: Miss Baker, of Calgary, tremendously admired in a director's gown of black chiffon and carrying a great bunch of red roses; Miss Martin of Hamilton, who looked stunning in a clinging gown of rich black velvet; Miss Harbottle in her beautiful coming-out frock; Miss Cauchon, a petite figure in palest green satin and silver; Miss Geach, in pale blue satin, and gold; Miss Viva Sommerville, in a soft shade of pink with a bowered pattern; Miss Dorothy Summersville, smartly frocked in white satin; Miss Phyllis Barnes, whose white satin frock became her wonderfully; Miss Cobbett, who looked very striking in soft green, and her sister in white satin with touches of pink chiffon; Miss Penelope Davies in pretty old rose; Miss Seymour, in a handsome white lace robe; Miss Bessie Scott, very bright and animated in pale blue, and Miss Eleanor Taylor, than whom it would be hard to find a finer looking girl in a ball room.

Mrs. Balmer Watt will receive on the first Tuesday of each month.

Mrs. Dr. Gillespie, Seventh street, will receive on Wednesday the twenty-sixth and afterwards on the fourth Wednesdays during the season.

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